

# The Saturday Gazette.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.  
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

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[The following wonderful narrative of the course of a young lady in fashionable life, by Miss Aymar, is one of her best stories. It will be continued in successive numbers till complete, and cannot fail to interest all our readers, especially the ladies.—Ed.]

FOR THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

## The Girl of the Period.

BY MARGUERITE V. ATMAR.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

Beside me at Tarfax, once more in my favorite  
Promising never again to waver  
From paths that are proper, to such a weak  
vice.  
As losing his balance on sherry and ice!  
Just there in front of me, tipping his chair,  
With a grace purely Gallic, and so debonair,  
Sat Monsieur le Comte Albert, Joseph Tarenne  
The handsome, richest and sweetest of men!  
Up in the corner, dressed up in pink silk  
Stood Blanche de la Tour, looking whiter than  
milk.  
With half of her eye-brows gone East with the  
breeze,  
And both her white shoulders quite ready to  
froze.  
Louis d'Or, too, my old attaché and adorer,  
Was talking with Blanche about his new yacht  
the "Flora."  
When, all of a sudden, the Count gave a start.  
Winking, "oh, mademoiselle Grace, why so  
wholesome of my heart."  
I wish she was Paris, or else det you Sunday  
Was not yet it is, and more like you Monday!  
Here, you don't dance, you do nothing at all—  
Yust sit and look round also dressed like a ball-  
by-seby, Mademoiselle, vat magnificent lace!  
Ah! vell did so priest when he christened you  
Grace!  
With this the Count faintly fingered my  
sleeves,  
"Pardieu! as a whole thing will not weigh but seem  
ouches.  
I smiled, for I knew by this quick calculation  
That the Count was aware of the full valuation  
Of point lace. He gazed in my down-dropping  
eyes.  
With a look, oh! so tender, inquiring and wise.  
"Papa is ver' rich, and ver' proud of you, too.  
Is it not so? Ah! you look in that blue  
Like one of those old Murillo's fair virgins."  
"Garmant!" cried Tarfax, "just look at those  
steeplecups!  
But, still, with that glance of eager inquiry,  
Comte Albert went on, while his black eyes  
gave away:  
"You leave on de Avenue, is it not so?  
And you are of grande family, surely, I know!  
Ah! this is de same—how happy I am  
To meet my blue blood instead of de sham  
Det you! country—pardon—is filled to repletion.  
Oh! never did I dream of such perfect comple-  
tion of my troop to Long Blanche—I am make de-  
cision.  
Now, die! do I sleep in de angel one vision?"  
At this point the Count had arisen, and standing,  
He gazed, till I could not help help understand-  
ing  
That he loved but me; and I shot a shy glance  
At Blanche—she was saying, "It's wicked to  
dance  
On a Sunday, Senor!" The Count seized my  
hand,  
Pressed it close to his lips; but the noise of the  
band.  
Quite drowned what he whispered; ah! how I  
did wait!  
For I knew he'd propose then; that Blanche was  
a fish!  
But just then Re Tarfax cried out to my  
lover,  
What wouldn't you give, eh? Count, ten and  
over.  
I'll bet, for a nice little rubber at Faro?  
"Oh, do let's have it, said Blanche," because  
Pharosh.  
Is out of the bible, you know, and of course  
I'll be just the thing, Senor Tarfax, you too—  
I suppose we have partners? What sort of a  
game  
"This card, Re, with a scriptural name?"  
Every one roared out but me, for I knew  
That Blanche was just playing false daisies and  
dew.  
For the special, entire and sweet delectation  
Of Re, whom she thought this touch of herba-  
liaison.  
Would nail on the spot, and, before she retired,  
Sh'd have got the bird Spanish entirely wired.  
But I was magnanimous—I let it pass.  
As I thought of a corset over my glass!  
After they'd got over laughing at "Pharosh,"  
And Re had told Blanche the true charms of  
"Faro,"  
The gentlemen sauntered out further to smoke.  
"We asked the Count if he yet had asked?"  
Or if he still dreamed of his peerless French  
violin?  
He gazed at me blankly, a smile of derision  
Played over his face as he answered me low,  
"Do you think 'tis new that I tell you just  
now?"  
Oh! Grace, 'tis I love you! Oh queen of my life,  
I never shall be happy till you are my wife!  
Then I had said it—I knew it would come.  
But Mamma had told me always to be dumb  
For a few tender moments—it has more effect.  
So I kept still, and looked at the gas-light re-  
flect-  
ing  
The three diamond studs, and the big cluster  
ring.  
That gleamed on the hand of my heart's only  
king!  
"Speak—Grace, beloved, there am de vie vie!  
Angel of beauty, what am I to thee?"  
Lowly, I whispered, my head on his shoulder—  
For with my silence the Count had grown  
bolder—  
"Oh, Albert, ask mamma—I'm so young, you  
know.  
But I love you! don't kiss me—oh, there I  
must go!"  
I led from his sight and went straight to mamma.  
She kissed me, embraced me, and laughed out  
"ha-ha."  
He's the catch of the season, the best fortune  
out!  
Now, Grace, mind—no flirting—look what you're  
about!  
These dark, foreign men are the devil to please.  
And the sooner you're married the sooner at  
ease.  
You've played the first hand, dear, exceedingly  
well!  
Look sharp that the rubber don't leave you in  
the lurch.

That it found you, my darling, and nothing he  
said.  
But, no—you'll be prudent—I see you, a bride:  
The bride of a nobleman, wealthy and French!  
A coronet-card, and no cause to retrench!  
The next afternoon we drove out to the bay.  
My Count and myself, as vivacious and gay  
As ever two lovers were, under the sun.  
And, oh, *Sainte Vierge*, but we did have such  
fun!  
We went in my phaeton—I drove of course—  
He'd not thought it worth while to purchase a  
horse,  
Or any establishment, as he'd intended  
To go back to Paris, straight, when his health  
mended.  
So we dashed along over the broad famous  
avenue,  
I, in a dress, not at all loud or *parvenu*—  
A violet silk, with trimmings maroon—  
"Perfect!" "Count said, for a warm after-  
noon."  
We roved on the Bay, and looked at the sea.  
At least I did—for the Count looked at me!  
We strolled on the beach and drank some cham-  
pagne.  
And then we got in, for it looked just like rain.  
Oh! that drive home—it was lovely, delicious!  
He could put his arm round me, and then look  
so vicious,  
And swear in sweet French, and call me "di-  
vine."  
And tell me my lips were far sweeter than wine.  
After a while my Albert became dreamy,  
As he watched the far sails growing farther and  
glamier.  
And then, on a sudden, he pulled off his ring.  
The great monstrous cluster, that off I used to  
fling  
Such flashing great sparkles out, left-hand and  
right—  
And then he replaced it and sighed quite out-  
right.  
I questioned the cause of this sudden reaction.  
He spoke, "oh, mon ange! dat sign was one  
fraction  
Of anguish; to thee, it were useless repeating—  
Would you—oh, could you! just feel my heart's  
beating!  
Exchange me your ring for de poor one I wear!  
I never shall part from this true hand, I swear!"  
I felt so delighted, and he looked so comely,  
As he kissed and caressed it—but I felt rather  
meanly.  
I gazed at the glorious thing that he gave,  
And at the bride I'd given my brave.  
For a while he seemed charmed, and quite calmly  
contented.  
But ere long he raved till I thought him de-  
mented—  
Of love, and impatience, and "having to wait,"  
And how he should stand such a "terrible test."  
To wait till the Winter, for his love, his "sweet  
bride!"  
The *ange de vie*—his jewel, his pride.  
"Ah, so least little sing dat you was de dear-  
"Vat would I not give for dat gem at you ear!  
Ah! Grace! it is happy; dat brilliant can touch  
you."  
While I am excited, who am dying to catch you.  
Have but hurried moments—ah, give it to me.  
To sleep 'neath my pillow and whisper of thee!  
With that the unfastened the big diamond drop,  
Kissed it and hid it, before I could stop  
him; and then, lost as I was in emotion,  
I took out the other, and said I'd a notion  
That "my darling" had better take both of the  
gem.  
And, after persuasion, and many "ahems,"  
He finally put them both safe in his pocket.  
And promised me soon the most elegant locket.  
That Ball & Black had in their regal collection.  
And then, his arm round me, I felt to reflection:  
How this man loves me, I said to myself;  
And then, he's a Count, and rich—no thought  
of self!  
Ah, no! this is love—the purest devotion,  
And I gazed in his face with the deepest emotion.  
We reached the *West End* by my watch, just at  
eight.  
But, dear Albert said, if it went at that rate,  
I'd better let him see to having it mended—  
Because it was ten, and the long line extended.  
Out on the plaza, gay men and women—  
Blanche de la Tour, looking most courtly human.  
As we came trotting up in front of her eyes,  
My love sick French lover, my noble, my prize.  
He was awfully jealous—I dared not to speak  
To one other fellow in all my old day;  
And then, just at bed time he kissed me with  
passion.  
"Ah, ma belle Grace, how I hate die vile fashion!  
Dress men can claim all you smiles and you  
glances—  
"While I dance a'importe! but, forget not—no  
dances!  
Because, love, to-morrow, by de vir' first train,  
I'm obliged to go on to New York, shine or  
rain.  
Hush! darling *cherie*—'tis business my love—  
Don't weep, it's a business—so help me, above!  
I will be with you in two or three hour—  
I go to tell *Papere* I wish for no dover!"  
He was gone—the next morning I rose rather  
late,  
Without my own Count, I was pale and *distrait*.  
But he left me a note, with a gilt coronet,  
Embossed on paper, from Paris, I'll bet!  
The Count had written, I expect him "next  
morning."  
So I rose with the lark and began my adorning.  
I waited till ten, but he did not appear;  
There came up a shower—I watched it grow  
clear;  
I waited till ten—he came not at two;  
Till twelve I waited, and still he was due.  
At midnight I sought my own room in dis-trac-  
tion.  
What could it bode? This strange plan of action!  
Mamma said, "a telegram"—dear me, to where?  
Albert gave no address—unless lost in the street.  
The third morning dawned and still he was mis-  
sing.  
And thus it went on, till one day a blinding  
Pink note, perfumed, with a gilt coronet,  
Was put in my hand—the ink not *new* yet.  
"Was from him! at last, yes, at last I receive—  
What? I faint in earnest, for who would be-  
lieve  
The written assurance from Monsieur le Count,  
That he hopes I'll "enjoy my little amount!"  
That I may perhaps "rejoice off of his ring."  
That he finds my twelve brilliants "precious  
the thing."  
That he says, "My 'belle France' is in the *Parise*,  
to-morrow."  
And hopes that my "losses" won't give me  
much sorrow!"  
Now, here was a fix: my *attaches* gone—  
My ring, and even my watch, he had borne  
off on his travels, and left me heart-broken.  
With a horrid paste ring! for my love only  
token!

Four mamma coaxed me, and promised new  
dresses.  
Fadette uplaid me, and took off my tresses.  
But all was in vain: I sighed and I wept—  
The shivers all over my poor body I kept—  
"Grace, my own darling, Blanche de la Tour!"  
Mamma was a woman, and she knew the cure  
For hearts that are broken, as mine was that  
day:  
The name of that girl brought me to, right  
away.  
"And there, my dear daughter, think, nobody  
knows.  
That's an advantage—there are hundreds of  
beaux.  
And there is it likely, with care and attention,  
There are several good fortunes that I could  
mention  
May be laid at your feet—only, try to be sure,  
That they're not first too friendly with Blanche  
de la Tour!"  
At the name of my rival my good spirits rose,  
And I imagined in Fadette to put on my clothes.  
What was it, anyway? Just nothing at all!  
A *ser-dance*? Count's had made a good haul—  
My watch, and my ear-rings, my ring, but my  
name!  
Had never, as yet, been linked with his fame!  
So, after all, I got off pretty cheap—  
There were plenty more men of the best sort  
to reap.  
The days at the Branch flew amazingly fast,  
Though there were new people there who made me  
glad.  
I stood at my window one morning and viewed  
The long caravan of the simple—the shrew.  
There stood Lester Walrus, the breathing ex-  
poment  
Of more "modern improvements," than any de-  
poment.  
That even yet sported, at almost three-score,  
Such a jetty moustache—or even yet wore.  
Such a loving expression—such very short coats,  
Or even played out such a passion for boats.  
Beside him, her costume, her "mission," reveal-  
ing.  
Sat Miss Anne Tony, and o'er her face stealing  
A look of dismay, as she read the  *Tribune*.  
And saw that Gen. Butler (his arms are a spoon)  
Had said something or other that wasn't in fa-  
vor.  
Of the rights and the wrongs, for which Anna  
doth quarrel.  
Close by her, arrayed in a robe of pure white,  
Languid Lotia Mignonette, that dear, gay little  
sprite  
And there, standing erect, his dark head on the  
air,  
With "hyperion," curls—(his own natural hair),  
Leamed Tom the tragedian, bathed in salt tears,  
As he dreamed of good "stock" and things in  
arrears.  
At last, pretty soon—I think 'twas past one—  
Some man said "twas" "baiting time, now for the  
fun!"  
Catch me in bathing! I'm to sharp for that!  
I know to me—let me be any such fat!  
Just think what I would be for a belle of the  
period.  
To be *so* *entire* in the garb of a period.  
First, let me see—my eye-brows would go  
With the first wave or swell that should over-  
them flow;  
And my hair, goodness gracious! I should be  
constrained  
To leave it upstair—er, to get it all stained.  
For *saline* wash would not stand the salt-tears,  
And then mamma knows I'm an obedient  
daughter;  
And she's often told me, upon no account,  
To be lured to the bath, that fools call "the  
foam  
Of health and of beauty;" "because, my dear  
Grace,  
Your figure, you know, could never keep pace  
For a bathing costume, with the *apert* it wears!  
Whence, where, no, my darling, the woman who  
dare.  
To appear a *la mermaid*, before any man,  
Must be sure of her figure, and reckless of  
tan!"  
So I did not bathe; clearly, that would not do.  
But I drove like a jockey, and always best, too;  
I went out a sailing with many a fellow,  
(My boating-colors were bright blue and yel-  
low).  
In the matter of driving, I'd many a dash  
With people who boasted—"I settled their  
hash!"  
I remember one evening, though something  
quite funny  
I was out on the avenue, driving my Bonnie  
And Pet, all alone—"I was about five o'clock,  
And out on the road there was plenty of stock.  
Pretty soon I saw coming a big English dog,  
With a red and blue sash that looked like a  
flag.  
Now this same fellow, Lord Arthur Pen-Rabbit,  
I had met twice before, and noticed his habit,  
Of taking the left, instead of the right,  
Thus breaking the line, yet no one showed  
fight;  
But each and all, always gave in their whim.  
I think 'twas because we're so fond of the  
limb  
Of my old tree, with a handle that's British—  
No matter how impudent, brazen, or skittish.  
He met me pretty first of this sort of thing.  
And now up my mind that I'd give him a flag.  
Or else teach him manners (brute!), one of the  
two.  
My Lord had the ribbons, a veil of bright blue  
Was tied round his hat, and he spotted a rose;  
Our horses were nearing, nose right up to  
nose;  
I gazed at him straightly, and some one cried out  
loud.  
He gazed at me, and his lip gave a shout.  
"Out of the way there—take care, don't you  
see."  
Lord Arthur is coming! I'm out to that tree!"  
But with a firm foot, and a hand that was steady,  
I pulled up before him and held my whip ready.  
"Now!" I thought to myself—and I was in a  
passion—  
His lordship spoke up, "I drive English-fashion!"  
Then the great body looked round at the crowd,  
While some women in bugles, looked, giggled  
and bowed.  
As for me, "pon my word! my rage was white-  
heat!  
Gathering my skirts up, I rose in my seat—  
"But, this is America! I'll teach you manners."  
Turn out, if you please—your respected our  
banes  
Along time ago, so much, that you know,  
You crossed over home more coward than I do!  
When I go to England I'll drive from year right,  
I'm a *Pen-Rabbit* here, but you must be polite!  
I'm a *Pen-Rabbit* there, and he should not belit!  
Three cheers for America! Down with the wheel-

Old bull that comes here bellowing to our shores,  
And thinks we are going right down, on all  
four.  
Because he has got a prefix to his name,  
Of *louis* his head, and no sense of shame!  
Lord Arthur Pen-Rabbit turned out in great  
haste,  
And by rapid driving showed me he'd some  
taste.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Social New York.

FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT.

The outward appearance of the city of New York has been so often de-  
scribed that it is tolerably well known to English readers. The fine bay, with  
its white sails and the usually clear blue sky overhead, forming so great a con-  
trast to the *Mersey*, gives at once to the American-bound traveler a comfort-  
able sense of breadth and cheeriness. There is nothing dull to look at; nothing  
hopeless; nothing hateful in ugliness and gloom. And Broadway, al-  
though we may find it much narrower than we imagined, and very disappoint-  
ing in the incongruity and tastelessness of its architecture, (with the wretched  
flag-staffs of different sizes on every roof, and flaunting signs stuck up at  
every door post,) has still an attraction from the novelty and the scale of many  
of its buildings, and there is a display of wealth and bustling energy activ-  
about the street that give it a character of its own. Fifth Avenue, too, with  
its handsome brown stone houses, and the trees bordering the pavement in their  
fresh green, is a sight to please the eye. It is a sort of street we have not been  
accustomed to. It is typically American. It would be difficult to match its  
three miles in comfort and sightliness. It is already built out to the Central  
Park, the great pride and glory of New Yorkers. Within the last ten or twelve  
years this part has been formed out of an absolute wilderness of rock. The  
roads in it are perfect. The turf is admirably kept, and no English lawn  
can look brighter or greener than it does in spring.

When the ordinary tourist, without letters of introduction, asks what more there is to be seen in this the third  
largest city in the civilized world, it must be difficult to direct him. There  
are one or two collections of modern pictures in private houses open to view,  
which might interest him for half an hour. If addicted to education or char-  
itable institutions, he can secure some-  
time and receive much valuable infor-  
mation from visiting the schools and  
the other buildings devoted to these  
purposes. If commercially inclined,  
the shipping, and the "Bulls and  
Bears" in Wall Street, will claim at-  
tention; but at the end of three or four  
days he must join in the general verdict  
of travelers, which has not been favor-  
able to New York. Now, although it  
must be admitted that, as a metropo-  
lis, it is very deficient in objects of gen-  
eral interest, the ground on which it  
may claim both attention and study  
has scarcely been traveled over by any  
foreigner. That ground is the interior  
life of this most American of all Amer-  
ican cities. For in their social as well  
as in their political innovations Ameri-  
cans exhibit the same tendency towards  
an equality of conditions. In both  
cases the general result is a wonderful  
average of content with less of extra-  
ordinary eminence in culture and refine-  
ment than may be found among the few  
in such a country as England, but with  
a much wider diffusion of apparent hap-  
piness among the many.

The same Englishman who devoutly  
thinks Heaven that he does not live in  
a land where gentlemen take no part  
in the government, and where such  
frauds can be perpetrated as have re-  
cently come to light in New York City  
Administration, will return thanks with  
equal fervor that his wife and daughters  
do not squander his substance in mill-  
inery, nor their own time in frivolities.  
Scarcely, perhaps, giving due weight  
to the fact that however deplorable cer-  
tain blemishes may be in the practical  
working of these American institutions,  
the country, whether by aid of them or  
in spite of them, thrives, and in the  
one case, the spectacle is presented of  
forty millions of the best educated, the  
best fed, the best clothed, and the most  
contented people in the world; and in  
the other, that whatever defects may be  
found in the social organization, one  
end, and not an unimportant one, is at-  
tained—namely, securing a very great  
amount of happiness for a very large  
number of young people by encourag-  
ing them in constant opportunities of  
meeting, of getting to know one an-  
other, and of marrying. This latter  
feature is of special interest to us in  
England, for we are becoming so ultra-  
civilized that love marriages are in  
some danger of going altogether out of  
existence; the prevalent and growing  
idea of man's real enjoyment being, ap-  
parently, to get away from petticoats  
—at any rate from reputable petticoats.  
In America, on the other hand, scarcely  
any amusement is popular in which  
the presence of ladies is not the essential  
part. The "tournament of doves" lan-  
guishes in New York because ladies  
will not go there. Compare one of our  
metropolitan race-courses, and take As-  
cot as one of the most lady-like, with  
the Jerome Park Meeting at New York.  
As a question of racing sport, the latter  
at present is nowhere; but such a cir-  
cumstance could not occur there, nor

indeed at any race-meeting in the coun-  
try, as it is apt to happen to any one  
taking ladies on the course at Ascot.  
Your carriage gets jammed in between  
two drags, containing choice spirits of  
that class of the youth of England who  
delight to regale themselves after lun-  
cheon with the peculiar style of ballad  
literature known as "Derby Songs."  
The coarser the language the better the  
pay to the wretched women who sing  
them. There is nothing for it but to  
take ladies away till "the sun" is over.  
Such barbarity tolerated in England,  
not among the lowest, but among the  
highest in rank, would be an absolute  
impossibility among any class in Amer-  
ica. Not that there is, by any means,  
a higher tone of morality in New York  
than there is in London, but impure as-  
sociations are very sedulously banished  
from the sight of the pure, and all that  
particular class of vice, at any rate,  
pays the tribute of virtue of keeping  
itself absolutely apart.

The example of a race-course may be  
more striking than any other, but it is  
not necessary to go so far for an in-  
stance. Take an ordinary croquet  
party, or a yachting party, or a picnic;  
or, better still, take the general way in  
which average young gentlemen in the  
two countries will spend a holiday. In  
London, it will be a party of men to  
shoot, or hunt, or row, or play cricket,  
or whatever else it may be; it will sel-  
dom occur to them to take ladies with  
them as one of the elements in their  
pleasure seeking. It will as little occur  
to the same class of men in New York  
not to take them. There the first thing  
thought of is a matron, and as many  
young ladies as there are gentlemen;  
and whether they drive out for a game  
of croquet and a dinner to the Four-in-  
Hand Club, or to see the horses in train-  
ing at the Jockey Club, or steam up  
the noble Hudson to picnic among the  
Highlands, or go to some house in the  
country for luncheon and a dance after-  
wards, or down the bay in a yacht, or  
(if the season be winter) on a sleigh  
party, the great point aimed at is the  
circumstance from which the chief  
pleasure is expected to be derived—  
the association of ladies and gentle-  
men together. And this association,  
which is thus prized, esteemed, and, one  
may say, lived for by American men,  
can not be said to be more than toler-  
ated by Englishmen, and that not al-  
ways with the best grace in the world.  
We see the results in the dressiness of  
our garden parties, our croquet parties,  
our archery parties, where the enter-  
tainment consists of twenty-five men  
protecting themselves as best they can  
from the advance of seventy-five ladies;  
most of the latter nominally in the ca-  
pacity of matrons, as if two or three  
matrons were not enough for a whole  
party.

In America we find women, and es-  
pecially unmarried women, holding a  
higher rank, relatively to men, than  
they do in this country—more defer-  
ence is shown to them—more courtesy.  
They are encouraged to feel that they  
are the most important element in the  
social happiness of the men; and the  
consequence is, among the better, but  
not at all uncommon styles of girls,  
there is a most charming want of con-  
straint, affectation, or mannerism. They  
are very little conventional or self-con-  
scious, and the just mean is very often  
found where perfect freedom does not  
verge on forwardness, pettiness, or fast-  
ness. And this is due, not merely to  
the difference in the numerical propor-  
tion of men and women in the country,  
but it must, also, in great part, be at-  
tributed to the independence in which  
American girls are brought up from  
their childhood. They become recog-  
nized leaders in all amusements, and  
are able to dictate a tone to society.  
For society seems to be a good deal  
like any other bully, a very great coward  
when made to feel the strong hand,  
and young ladies, aware of their tremen-  
dous social power when organized,  
cease to be satisfied with graceless in-  
attentions from men; nor, under such  
organization, is it possible that there  
should exist the public recognition, not  
to say condemnation, of that "great so-  
cial evil" which in England, though  
confined perhaps in its most prominent  
aspect to the few "very high in the  
realm," nevertheless is uncountable for  
a tone and position which men of all  
classes are apt to assume towards la-  
dies—a position of complete and un-  
concealed independence of their society.  
And is not this want of community be-  
tween men and women in their interests  
and amusements

### A LIE, ZOOLOGICALLY CONSID- ERED.

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

We stand agape in the British Museum,  
looking at the monstrous skeletons of the  
mastodon, megatherium and iguanodon  
and conclude that all the great animals  
thirty feet long and eleven feet high are  
extinct.

Now we have to say that, the other day  
we caught a glimpse of a monster, beside  
which the lizards of the saurian era were  
short, and the elephants of the mammalian  
period were insignificant. We saw it in  
full spring and on the track of its prey.  
Children would call the creature a "big-  
rough person" would call it "a whooper";  
polite folks would say it was "a fabric-  
ation," plain and unscientific folks would  
style it *la la*.

We do not think that anatomical and zo-  
ological justice has been done to the lie.  
It eats up a great many children, and  
would have destroyed the boy who after-  
ward became the father of his country, had  
he not driven it back with his hatchet.  
The first peculiarity we notice is

ITS LONGEVITY.

If it once get born, it lives on almost in-  
terminably. Sometimes it has followed a  
man for ten, twenty, or forty years, and  
has been as healthy in its last leap as in  
the first. It has run at every President  
from General Washington to General Grant,  
and helped kill Horace Greeley. It has  
barked at every good man since Adam, and  
every good woman since Eve, and every  
good boy since Abel, and every good cow  
since Pharaoh's lean kine. Marils do not  
poison it, nor fire burn it, nor water  
freeze it. Just now it is after your neighbor;  
to-morrow it will be after you. It is  
healthiest of all monsters. Its tooth knocks  
out the "tooth of time." Its hair never  
turns white with age, nor does it limp with  
decrepitude. It is distinguished for its  
longevity.

THE LENGTH OF ITS LEGS.

It keeps up with the express-train, and  
is present at the opening and the shutting  
of the mail-bags. It takes a morning run  
from New York to San Francisco, or over  
to London before breakfast. It can go a  
thousand miles at a jump. It would dis-  
place seven league boots as tedious. A tel-  
egrapher is not less knee-high to this mon-  
ster, and from that you can judge its speed  
of locomotion. It never gets out of wind,  
carries a bag of reputations made up in  
cold cash, so that it does not have to stop  
for victuals. It goes so fast that some-  
times five million people have seen it the  
same morning.

KEENNESS OF NOSTRIL.

It can smell a moral imperfection fifty  
miles away. The crow has no faculty com-  
pared with this finding carrion. It has  
scouted something a hundred miles off, and  
before night "treed" its game. It has a  
great genius for smelling. It can find more  
than is actually there. When it begins to  
snuff the air, you had better look on guard.  
It has great length and breadth and depth  
and height of nose.

ACUTENESS OF THE EAR.

The rabbit has no such power to listen  
as this creature we speak of. It hears all  
the sounds that come from five thousand  
holes. It catches a whisper from the other  
side of the room, and can understand  
the scratch of a pen. It has one ear open  
towards the east and the other towards the  
west, and hears everything in both direc-  
tions. All the little-tattle of the world  
pours into those ears like vinegar through  
a funnel. They are always up and open,  
and there a meeting of the sewing-so-  
ciety is a jubilee, and a political campaign  
is heaven.

SIZE OF THE THROAT.

The snake has the work to choke down  
a toad; and the crocodile has a mighty  
struggle to lake in the calf; but the mon-  
ster of which I speak can swallow any-  
thing. It has a throat bigger than the  
wheel that took down the minister who  
declined the call to Ninevah, and has swal-  
lowed whole presbyteries and conferences  
of clergymen. A Broddingnagian goes  
down as easy as a Lilliputian. The largest  
story about business dishonesty, or female  
frailty, or political deception, slips through  
its throat as sufficient for its appetite,  
or square, or angular, or octagonal.  
Nothing in all the earth is too big for its  
mastication and digestion save the truth,  
and that will stick in its gutlet.

IT IS OREGANOUS.

It goes in a flock with others of its kind.  
It one takes after a man or a woman, there  
are at least ten in its company. As soon  
as anything bad is charged against a man,  
there are many others who know things  
just as deleterious. Lies about himself,  
lies about his wife, lies about his children,  
lies about his associates, lies about his  
house, lies about his barn, lies about his  
store, swarms of them, broods of them,  
herds of them. Kill one of them and  
there will be twelve alive to act as his fall-  
bearers; another to preach his funeral ser-  
mon, and still another to write its obituary.

These monsters beat all the extinct species.  
They are white, spotted, and black.  
They have a sleek hide, a sharp claw, and  
a sting in their tail. They prowl through  
every street of the city, crouch in the res-  
taurants, sleep in the hall of Congress, and  
in the grandest parlor have one paw upon  
the piano, another under the sofa, one by  
the mantle, and the other on the door sill.  
Now, many people spend half their time  
in hunting lies. You see a man rushing  
anxiously about to correct a newspaper  
paragraph, or a husband, with fist clenched,  
on the way to pound some one who has  
told a false thing about his wife. There is  
a woman on the next street who heard,  
last Monday, a falsehood about her hus-  
band, and has had her hat and shawl on  
ever since in the effort to correct wrong  
impressions. Our object in this zoological  
sketch of a lie is to persuade you of the  
jolly of such a hunting excursion. Better  
go to your work, and let the lies run  
their bloody muzzles have tough work  
with a man usefully busy.

—The Methodist.

### Items of Interest.

The population of Cuba is 1,400,000.  
Boston will fire 100 guns on Inauguration  
Day.  
A Minnesota judge has decided that shag-  
ging on Sunday is illegal.  
Five members of the Illinois legislature  
are Swedes.  
France has congratulated Spain on the  
establishment of the Republic.  
"Vetted Knights of Justice" is a colo-  
rado name for a vigilance committee.  
The rivers of Connecticut are to be  
stocked with salmon in the spring.  
The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern  
Railroad allows no freight trains to be run  
on Sunday.  
Three States are discussing the removal  
of their capitals. Kentucky, West Vir-  
ginia and Georgia.  
Chicago expects to have a hotel property  
of 5,272 rooms, when those hotels now  
building are finished.  
Large numbers of seal have been seen on  
the rocks between Deer Island, Me., and  
York's Narrows.  
The \$10,000,000 invested in the coal  
business in the United States, Pennsylvania's  
share is \$67,000,000.  
Paris, George Sands says, "is artistic,  
childish, sublime and dull"—stimulate  
to-day, sublime to-morrow.  
The oldest member of the House of Rep-  
resentatives is said to be Alval Crocker,  
of Massachusetts, aged 71 years.  
Agriculture is the basis of the happiness  
of a state, and it is the most honorable as  
well as the most ancient of all professions.  
The Spanish Congress has passed a bill  
which makes military service compulsory  
on all.  
Cable telegrams are to be reduced be-  
tween this country and England from a dol-  
lar to seventy-five cents a word.  
At a recent meeting of the Liberal Club,  
Dr. A. K. Gardner delivered a lecture on  
"Music as a Medicine."  
Local option mince pies are a Western  
specialty. They contain no intoxicating  
liquor, whatever else they may be made of.  
An American miser in London lately  
economized himself to death, leaving a for-  
tune of \$600,000.  
Hindustan contains 186,087,000 people  
who pay revenue to the British Govern-  
ment.  
Immense numbers of cattle have perished  
in Texas this winter from cold and starva-  
tion.  
It is stated that the physician of Senator  
Sumner is of opinion that if the Senator can  
be induced to keep from excitement he will  
be able to enter upon his Senatorial duties  
at the next session with much of his old  
vigor.  
EMIGRANTS FROM SWEDEN AND NORWAY  
are already becoming a valuable and im-  
portant element in the population of some  
of our States. They come from countries  
which raise grain and grow timber, and  
therefore this emigration flows, chiefly  
into grain-raising and timber-producing  
States and Territories. There is a large  
Norwegian colony in Minnesota, and in  
some of the Territories of the Northwest  
Norwegians and Swedes are numerous.  
Recently an effort has been made to attract  
this emigration to Maine. Swedish emi-  
grants have been aided on their arrival,  
and until they were able to get a return  
for their labor, when the assistance given  
them is repaid by labor on works of pub-  
lic improvement. There are now in Maine  
1,300 Swedes who paid their passage to  
this country, and brought with them \$10-  
000 in money. They have formed a colony  
called New Sweden, which is in the north-  
east part of the State, and have now one  
hundred good houses and eighty good  
barns. Every settler has cleared from five  
to twenty acres of land; there are two  
steam mills making shingles, and a saw  
mill, run by water power. Roads are cut  
through the woods, and a school for children  
has been established. The State has  
furnished the emigrants with all the  
amount of \$20,000, and \$4,375 has already  
been repaid by work upon the roads. This  
wise encouragement of emigration, from a  
thrifty and industrious population, will  
greatly aid in the development of a  
portion of Maine, which might have been  
uninhabited for years.  
HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.—Probably  
very few, even those persons who are well  
informed, have a correct conception of the  
various processes by which those wonders  
of modern initiative art, popularly known  
as chromos, are gradually developed, step  
by step, to a perfection which defies dis-  
crimination in comparing with the original.  
The picture to be copied is covered with a  
transparent sheet of oil paper, on which  
a tracing of every outline is made. This  
outline is then transferred to a lithograph-  
ing stone, known as the "key." A num-  
ber of plates, equal to the number of tints  
desired, is next prepared and an impres-  
sion from the key is printed from each.  
With the original before him the artist  
fills in with a crayon each portion of the  
outline on each plate as he wishes to have  
reproduced the particular shade assigned  
to it. The untouched portions of the plate  
are then covered with a peculiar prepara-  
tion, and a galvanic bath, nicely regulated,  
does the work of an engraver, but does it  
as no engraver could; possibly do it—true  
to a hair, and a finer, if necessary, than  
the naked eye can discover. Each plate is  
printed in its turn on the paper, and every  
impression must be so adjusted to its pre-  
decessor that there shall not be the slightest  
out variation. When it is considered that  
as many as twenty or thirty plates are of-  
ten required—that some portions of a tint  
are preserved pure to the end, while others  
are covered and affected by one or all suc-  
ceeding impressions—the marvelous skill  
and knowledge of various combinations  
of color, required of an artist who wants to  
lay out and complete the plates of a  
chromo, may be faintly imagined by  
those who see and admire the splendid re-  
sults of his labors.



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